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# THE MALCONTENT.

By Iohn Marston



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BENIAMINO IONSONIO

POETÆ

ELEGANTISSIMO

GRAVISSIMO

AMICO

SVO CANDIDO ET CORDATO,

IOHANNES MARSTON

MVSARVM ALVMNVS

ASPERAM HANC SVAM THALIAM

D. D.



A 3

17479



## To the Reader.



Am an ill Oratour ; and in truth, vs̄e to indite more honestly then eloquently , for t̄is my custome to speake as I think, and write as I speake.

In plainenesse therefore vnderstand , that in some things I have willingly er-

red, as in supposing a Duke of *Genoa* , and in taking names different from that Citties families : for which some may wittily accuse me , but my defence shall bee as honest, as many reproofes vnto mee have been most malicious. Since ( I heartily protest) t̄was my care to write so farre from reasonable offence, that even strangers, in whose State I layd my Scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or living. Yet in despight of my indevors, I vnderstand, some have bin most vnadvisedly over-cunning in mis-interpreting me, & with subtilty (as deep as hell ) have maliciously spread ill rumors , which springing from themselves , might to themselves have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfie every firme spirit, who in all his actions , proposeth to himselfe no more ends then God and vertue doe, whose intentions are alwayes simple: to such I pro-  
tr

*To the Reader.*

test, that with my free vnderstanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those, whose vnquiet studies labor innovation, contempt of holy policie, reverent comely superiority, and established vnity: for the rest of my supposed tartnesse, I feare not, but vnto every worthy mind t'wil be approoved so generall and honest, as may modestly passe with the freedome of a Satyre. I would faine leave the paper; onely one thing afflicts mee, to thinke that Scenes invented, meerely to be spoken, should be inforcively published to be read, & that the least hurt I can receive, is to do my selfe the wrong. But since others otherwise would doe me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have my selfe therefore set forth this Comedy; but so, that my inforced absence must much relye vpon the Printers discretion: but I shal intreat, slight errors in orthography may bee as slightly or'e-passed; and that the vnhandsome shape which this trifle in reading presents, may bee pardoned, for the pleasure it once afforded you, when it was presented with the soule of lively action.

*Me mea sequentur fata.*

I. M.



*Dramatis persona.*

Giouanni Altofronto	{ Disguised Maleuole sometime Duke of Genoa.
Pietro Iacomo	{ Duke of Genoa.
Mendozo	{ A Minion to the Dutchesse of Pietro Iacomo.
Celfo	{ A friend to Altofront.
Biliofo.	{ An olde cholerike Marshall.
Prepasso	{ A Gentleman Vsher.
Ferneze	{ A yong Courtier, and inamored on the Dutchesse.
Ferrardo	{ A Minion to Duke Pietro Ia- como.
Equato. Guerrino.	{ Two Courtiers.
Aurelia	{ Dutchesto Duke Piet: Iacomo.
Maria	{ Dutches to Duke Altofront.
Emilia Beancha	{ Two Ladies attending the Dut- chesse.
Maquerelle	{ An olde Pandresse.



# MALCONTENT.

*Vexat con-  
su a colum-  
bas.*

## ACTVS PRIMVS. SCE. PRIMA.

*The vilest out of tune Musicke bring heard.*

*Enter Bilioso and Præpasso.*

*Bilioso.*



Hy how now? are yee mad? or drunke? or both? or what?

*Præ.* Are yee building *Babilon* there?

*B.* Heer's a noyse in Court, you thinke you are in a *Tauerne*, do you not?

*Præp.* You thinke you are in a brothell house doe you not? This roome is ill sented.

*Enter one with a Perfume.*

So; perfume; perfume; some vpon me I pray thee: The Duke is vpon instant entrance; so, make place there.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter the Duke Pietro, Ferrardo, Count Equato,  
Count Celso before, and Guerrino.*

*Pietro.* Where breath's that Musique?

*Bilioso.* The discord rather then the Musique is heard from the *Malcontent Malenoles* chamber.

*Ferraro. Malenole.*

*Male.\** Yaugh, godaman what do'st thou there: Dukes \* *Out of his Ganimed Iunces* iealous of thy long stockings: shadow *Chamber.* of a woman, what would'st Weesell? thou lambe a Court: what doost thou bleat for? a you smoothe chind *Catamite.*

*Pietro.* Come downe thou rugged Cur, and snarle here, I giue thy dogged sullennesse free liberty: trot about and be-spurle whom thou pleasest.

B

*Male.*

*Maleuole.* Ile come among you, you Gotish bloudded Toderers, as Gum into Taffata, to fret, to fret: Ile fall like a sponge into water to suck vp; to suck vp. Howle againe. Ile pray, and come to you.

*Pietro.* This *Maleuole* is one of the most prodigious affections that euer conuerst with nature; A man or rather a monster; more discontent then Lucifer when he was thrust out of the presence, his appetite is vn-satiabable as the Graue; as farre from any content as from heauen, his highest delight is to procure others vexation, and therein hee thinkes he truly serues heauen; for tis his position, whosoever in this earth can be contented is a slaue and dam'd; therefore do's he afflict all in that to which they are most affected; the Elements struggle within him; his owne soule is at variance; his speech is halter-worthy at all howers; I like him faith, he giues good intelligence to my spirit, makes me vnderstand those weakneses which others flattery palliate: harke they sing.

### SCENA TERTIA.

*A Song.*

*Enter Maleuole after the Song.*

See he comes; now shall you heare the extremity of a Malecontent: he is as free as ayre; he blowes ouer euery man. And sir whence come you now?

*Mal.* From the publick place of much dissimulation;

*Piet.* What didst there?

*Mal.* Talke with a Vsurer; take vp at Intetest.

*Piet.* I wonder what religion thou art?

*Mal.* Of a Souldiers religion. (now?)

*Piet.* And what doost thou thinke makes most Infidels

*Mal.* Sects, sects, I haue seene seeming *Piety* change her roabe so oft, that sure none but some arch-diuell can shape her a new *Peticote*.

*Pietro.*

## MALECONTENT.

*Pietro.* Of a religious pollicie.

*Mal.* But damnation on a politique religion.

*Pietro.* But whats the common newes abroade *Malenole*,  
thou dogst rumor still.

*Mal.* Common newes? why common words are, God  
saue yee, Fare yee well: common actions, Flattery and Co-  
senage: common things, Women and Cuckolds: and how  
do's my little *Ferrard*: a yee lecherous Animall, my little  
Ferret, he goes sucking vp & downe the Pallace into euery  
Hens nest like a Weefell: & to what doost thou addict thy  
time to now, more then to those Antique painted drabs that  
are stil affected of young Courtiers, *Flattery, Pride & Venery.*

*Ferrard.* I study languages: who doost thinke to be the  
best linguist of our age?

*Mal.* Phew, the Diuell let him possesse thee, heele teach  
thee to speake all languages, most readily and strangely, and  
great reason mary, hees traueled greatly ithe worlde; and is  
euery where.

*Ferrard.* Saue ith Court.

*Mal.* I saue ith Court: and how do's my old Muckill  
ouerspred with fresh snow, thou halfe a mā halfe a Goate, *To Biliose.*  
all a Beast: how do's thy young wife old huddle?

*Bilio.* Out you improuident rascall.

*Mal.* Doe, kick thou hugely hornd olde Dukes Oxe,  
good Maister Make-pleece.

*Pietro.* How doost thou liue now a dayes *Malenole*?

*Mal.* Why like the Knight *S. Patrik Penlobrans*, with  
killing a Spiders for my Ladies Munckey.

*Pie.* How do'st spend the night, I heere thou neuer sleepest?

*Mal.* O no, but dreame the most fantastical: O heauen:  
O subbery, subbery.

*Pietro.* Dreame, what dreamst?

*Mal.* Why me thinkes I see that *Signior* pawnd his foot-  
cloth, that *Metrez* a her Plate, this madam takes phisick, that  
tother *Mounsieur* may minister to her: here is a Pandar Jew-  
eld: there a fellow in shift of Satten this day, that could not  
shift a shirt tother night, here a *Paris* supports that *Hellen*,



## MALECONTENT.

\* To Pre-  
passe.

theres a Lady *Guineuer* beares vp that sir *Lancelot*. Dreames, dreames, visions, fantasies, *Chimeras*, imaginations, trickes, conceites, \* Sir *Tristram Trimtram* come a lost lacke a napes with a whim wham, heres a Knight of the land of *Catito* shall play at trap with any Page in Europe; Doe the sword daunce, with any Morris-dauncer in *Christendome*; ride at the Ring till the finne of his eyes looke as blew as the welkin, and runne the wilde-goose chase euen with *Pompey* the huge.

*Pietro*. You runne.

*Mal*. To the diuell: now *Signor Guerchino*; that thou from a most pittied prisoner shouldst grow a most loathd flatterer: Alas poore *Celfo*, thy starres opprest, thou art an honest Lord, tis pittie.

*Equato*. Ist pittie?

*Mal*. I marry ist Philosophicall *Equato*, and tis pittie that thou being so excellent a Scholler by Art, shouldst be so ridiculous a foole by Nature: I haue a thing to tell you Duke; bid vm auant, bid vm auant.

*Pietro*. Leauē vs, leauē vs, now sir what ist?

*Exeunt all saving Pietro and Maleuole*

*Mal*. Duke thou art a *Beco*, a *Cornuto*.

*Pietro*. How?

*Mal*. Thou art a Cuckold.

*Pietro*. Speake; vnshale him quick.

*Mal*. With most tumbler-like nimblenes.

*Pietro*. Who? by whom? I burst wirth desire.

*Mal*. *Mendoza* is the man makes thee a horn'd beast; Duke 'tis *Mendoza* cornutes thee.

*Pietro*. What conformance, relate, short, short.

*Mal*. As a Lawyers beard,

There is an old Crone in the Court, her name is *Maquerelle*,  
Shee is my Mistris sooth to say, and she doth euer tell me,  
Blirt a rime; blirt a rime; *Maquerelle* is a cunning Bawde,  
I am an honest villaine, thy wife is a close Drab, and thou  
art a notorious Cuckold, farewell Duke.

*Pietro*



## MALECONTENT.

*Pietro.* Stay stay.

*Mal.* Dull, dull Duke, can lazy patience make lame reuenge; O God for a woman to make a man that which God neuer created, neuer made.

*Pietro.* What did God neuer make?

*Mal.* A Cockold: To be made a thing thats hud-winkte with kindnesse whilst euery rascall philips his browes; to haue a Cox-combe with egregious hornes pind to a Lords back, euery page sporting himselfe with delighfull laughter, whilst he must be the last must know it; Pistols and Poinards, Pistols and Poinards.

*Pietro.* Death and damnation.

*Mal.* Lightning and thunder.

*Pietro.* Vengeance and torture.

*Mal.* Catzo.

*Pietro.* O reuenge.

*Mal.* I would dam him and all his generation, my owne hands should do it; ha I would not trust heauen with my vengeance any thing.

*Pietro.* Any thing, any thing *Maleuole* thou shalt see instantly what temper my spirit houlds; farewell, remember, I forget thee not, farewell.

*Exit Pietro.*

## SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter Celso.*

*Cel.* My honor'd Lord.

*Mal.* Peace, speake low; peace, O *Celso*, constant Lord,  
Thou to whole faith I onely rest discouered,  
Thou one of full ten millions of men  
That louest vertue onely for it selfe,  
Thou in whose hands olde *OPS* may put her soule;  
Behold for euer banisht *Altofront*  
This *Genoas* last yeares Duke. O truly noble,  
I wanted those old instruments of state,  
Dissemblance, and suspect: I could not time it *Celso*,

## MALECONTENT.

My throane stood like a point in midd'ft of a circle,  
To all of equall neerenes, bore with none:  
Raind all alike, so slept in fearelesse vertue,  
Suspectles, too suspectles, till the crowde:  
(Still liquerous of vntried nouelties)  
Impacient with seuerer gouernmente:  
Made strong with *Florence*: banisht *Altofront*.

*Celfo*. Strong with *Florence*, I thence your mischiese rose,  
For when the dangehrer of the *Florentine*:  
Was matched once with this *Pietro* now Duke,  
No stratagem of state vntride was lefte, till you of all

*Mal*. Of all was quite berefte,  
Alas *Maria* too close prisoned:  
My true sayth'd dutches i'the *Citadell*.

*Celfo*. Ile still adhere, lets mutinie and die.

*Mal*. O clime not a falling tower *Celfo*,  
Tis well held desperation, no Zeale:  
Hopeles to striue with fate (peace) Temporize.  
Hope, hope, that neuer forsak'ft the wretchedst man,  
Yet bidst me liue, and lurke in this disguise,  
What play I well the free breath'd discontent?  
Why man we are all philosophicall monarkes or naturall  
fooles, *Celfo* the Courtes a *fiar*, the dutches sheets will smoke  
forth ere it be long: Impure *Mendo* *Lo* that sharpe nos'd  
Lord, that made the cursed match linkt *Genoa* with *Florence*  
now brode hornes, the Duke which he now knowes: Dif-  
cord to malecontents is very *Manna*, when the rankes are  
burst then scuffle *Altaphant*.

*Celfo*. I but durste.

*Mal*. Tis gone, tis swallowed like a minerall, someway  
twill worke, phewt ile not shrinke, „ *Hees resolute who can*  
*no lower sinke*.

*Celfo*. Yonder's *Mendoza*.

*Mal*. True, the priuie key.

*Celfo*. I take my leaue sweete Lord.

*Mal*. Tis fit, away,

*Exit Celfo.*

SCENA.

## SCENA QVINTA.

*Enter Mendoza with three or foure suiters.*

*Mend.* Leauē your suites with me, I can and will : attend my secretarie, leauē me.

*Mal.* *Mendoza* harke yee, harke yee, You are a treacherous villaine, God buye yee.

*Mend.* Out you base borne rascall.

*Mal.* We are all the sonnes of heauen though a Tripe wife were our mother ; a you whore sonne hot rainde hee *Marmoset*, *Egistus* didst euer here of one *Egistus* ?

*Mend.* *Gistus* ?

*Mal.* I *Egistus*, he was a filthy incontinent Fleshmonger, such a one as thou art.

*Mend.* Out grumbling roage.

*Mal.* *Orestes*, beware *Orestes*.

*Mend.* Out beggar.

*Mal.* I once shall rise,

*Mend.* Thou rise ?

*Mal.* I at the resurrection.

No vulgar seede but once may rise and shall,

No King so huge, but fore he die may fall.

*Exit.*

*Mend.* Now good *Elizium*, what a delicious heauen is it for a mā to be in a Princes fauour ? ō sweet God, ō pleasure ! ō Fottune ! ō all thou best of life ? what should I thinke ? what say ? what do ? to be a fauorite ? a minion ? to haue a generall timerous respect obserue a man, a statefull science in his presence : solitarinesse in his absence, a confused ham and busie murmure of obsequious suiters training him ; the cloth held vp, and waye proclaimed before him ; Petitionarie vassailes licking the pauement with their slauish knees, whilst some odde pallace *Lampreelles* that ingender with Snakes, and are full of eyes on both sides with a kinde of insinuating humblenesse fixe all their lights vpon his browe : O blessed state what a



rauishing prospect doth the *Olympus* of fauor yeeld; Death,  
I cornute the Duke: sweete women, most sweet Ladies, nay  
Angels; by heauen he is more accursed then a Diuell that  
hates you, or is hated by you, and happier then a God that  
loues you, or is beloued by you; you preseruers of mankind,  
life blood of sociery, who would liue, nay who can liue  
without you? O *Paradise*, how maiestickall is your austerer  
presence? how imperiousslie chaste is your more modest  
face? but O! how full of rauishing attraction is your pretty,  
petulant, languishing, laciuiously-composed countenance:  
these amarus smiles, those soule-warming sparkling glan-  
ces; ardent as those flames that sing'd the world by heedlesse  
*Phaeton*; in body how delicate, in soule how witty, in dis-  
course how pregnant, in life how wary, in fauours how iu-  
dicious, in day how sociable, and in night how? O pleasure  
vnutterable, indeed it is most certaine, one man cannot de-  
serue onely to inioy a beautious woman: but a Dutches? in  
dispiight of *Phaëus* Ile write a Sonnet instantly in praise  
of her.

*Exit.*

## SCENA SEXTA.

*Enter Farnese ushering Aurelia, Emilia and Maquerelle  
bearing up her traine, Beancha attending: all goe out  
but Aurelia, Maquerelle and Farnese.*

*Aure.* And ist possible? *Mendozo* slight me, possible?

*Far.* Possible? what can be strange in him thats drunke  
with fauour,

Groes insolent with grace, speake *Maquerelle*, speake.

*Maque.* To speake feelingly, more, more richely in sollid  
sence then worthlesse words, giue me those Iewels of your  
eares to receiue my inforced dutie, as for my part tis well  
knowne I can put vp any thing; can beare patiently with  
any man: But when I heard hee wronged your pretious  
sweetnesse, I was inforced to take deepe offence; Tis most  
certaine he loues *Emilia* with high appetite; and as she told  
me



me(as you knowe we woemen impart our secrets one to another)when she repulsed his suite,in that he was possessed with your indeered grace: *Mendoza* most ingratfully renounced all fayth to you.

*Fer.* Nay,cald you,speake *Maquerelle*,speake.

*Mag.* By heauen witch?dride bisquet, and contested blushlesly hee lou'd you but for a spurt or soe.

*Fer.* For maintenance.

*Mag.* Aduancement and regarde.

*Aur.* O villaine? O impudent *Mendoza*.

*Mag.* Nay he is the rustiest iawde, the fowlest mouthd knaue in rayling against our sex: he will rayle agen women.

*Aur.* How? how?

*Mag.* I am asham'd to speakt, I.

*Aur.* I loue to hate him,speake.

*Mag.* Why when *Emillia* scornde his base vnsteddines the blacke throated rascall scoulded, and sedd.

*Aur.* What?

*Mag.* Troth tis too shamelesse,

*Aur.* What saide he?

*Mag.* Why that at foure women were fooles, at foureteene Drabbes, at fortie Bawdes, at fourescore witches, and a hundreth Cats.

*Aur.* O vnlimitable impudencie?

*Fer.* But as for poore *Fernex* fixed hart,  
Was neuer shadelesse meadow drier parcht,  
Vnder the scortching heate of heauens dog,  
Then is my hart with your inforcing eyes.

*Mag.* A hotte simile.

*Fer.* Your smiles haue bin my heauē, your frownes my hel,  
O pity then; Grace should with beauty d weil.

*Mag.* Reasonable perfect bir-lady.

*Aur.* I will loue thee, be it but in dispight,  
Of that *Mendoza*, witch! *Fernex*, witch!

*Fernex* thou art the Dutches fauorite,  
Be faithfull, priuate, but tis dangerous,

C

*Fer.*

# MALECONTENT.

*Fer.* „His lone is linelesse, that for lone feares breath,  
„The worst that is due to sinne, O would 't were death.

*Aur.* Enioy my fauor, I wil be sick instantly & take phisick,  
Therefore in depth of night, visit

*Maq.* Visit her chamber, but conditionally you shall not  
offend her bed : by this Diamond.

*Fer.* By this Diamond. *Gives it to Maquerelle.*

*Maq.* Nor tary longer then you please: by this Ruby.

*Fer.* By this Ruby.

*Maq.* And that the doore shall not creake.

*Fer.* And that the doore shall not creake.

*Mal.* Nay but swear.

*Ferne.* By this purse.

*Maq.* Goe to, Ile keepe your oathes for you : remem-  
ber, visit.

*Enter Mendozo reading a Sonnet.*

*Aur.* Dry'd bisquet? looke where the base wretch comes.

*Men.* Beauties life, Heauens modell, Loves Queene.

*Maq.* Thats his Emilia.

*Men.* Natures triumph, best of Earth.

*Maq.* Meaning Emilia.

*Mend.* Thou onely wonder that the world bath scene.

*Maq.* Thats Emilia.

*Aur.* Must I then here her praisd? *Mendoza.*

*Mend.* Madam, your excellency is graciously incountred;  
I haue bin writing passionate flashes in honor of--*Exit Fer.*

*Aur.* Out villaine, villaine, O iudgement where haue bin  
my eies? what bewitched election made me doate on thee?  
what forcery made me loue thee? but be gone, bury thy  
head; O that I could doe more then loath thee : *Hence*  
*worst of ill,* No reason else, my reason is my will.

*Exit with Maquer.*

*Mend.* Women? nay furies, nay worse, for they torment  
Onely the bad, but women good and bad.

Damnation of mankinde, breath hast thou praisd them for  
this: And ist you *Fernexs* are wrigled into smock grace; fit  
sure,

sure, O that I could raile against these monsters in nature,  
models of hell, curse of the earth, women that dare attempt  
any thing, and what they attempt they care not how they  
accomplish, without all premeditation or preuention; rashe  
in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, ex-  
treame in desiring, slaues vnto appetite, mistresses in dissem-  
bling, onely constant in vnconstancie, onely perfect in cou-  
terfetting: their words are fained, their eyes forg'd, their  
sights dissembled, their lookes counterfeit, their haire false,  
their giuen hopes deceitfull, their very breath artificiall:

Their blood is their onely God: Bad clothes, and old age  
are onely the Diuels they tremble at:  
That I could raile now.

SCENA SEPTIMA.

*Enter Pietro his sworde drawne.*

*Pietro.* A mischiefe fill thy throate, thou fowle iaw'd slaue  
Say thy prayers.

*Mend.* I ha forgot vñ.

*Pietro.* Thou shalt dyc.

*Mend.* So shalt thou; I am hart mad.

*Pietro.* I am horne mad,

*Mend.* Extreame mad.

*Pietro.* Monstrously mad.

*Mend.* Why?

*Pietro.* Why? thou thou hast dishonored my bed.

*Mend.* I? come, come, sit, heeres my bare heart to thee as  
steddy as is this center to this glorious world,  
And yet harke thou art a *Cornuto*; but by me?

*Pietro.* Yes slaue by thee.

*Mend.* Do not, do not with tart and spleenefull breath,  
Loose him can loose thee; I offend my Duke?  
Bare record O yee dumbe and raw aird nights,  
How vigilant my sleepleffe eyes haue bin,



MALECONTENT.

To watch the Traitor ; record thou spirit of truth,  
With what debasement I ha throne my selfe,  
To vnder offices, onely to learne  
The truth, the party, time, the meanes, the place,  
By whom, and when and where thou wert disgrac'd :  
And am I paid with slaue ? hath my intrusion  
To places priuate, and prohibited,  
Onely to obserue the closer passages :  
Heauen knowes with vowes of reuelation,  
Made me suspected, made me deemd a villaine ?  
What roage hath wronged vs ?

*Pietro. Mendoza*, I may erre.

*Mend.* Erre ? tis too mild a name, but erre and erre,  
Runne giddy with suspect, fore through me thou know,  
That which most creatures saue thy selfe doe know,  
Nay since my seruice hath so loath'd reiect,  
Fore Ile reueale, shalt finde them clipt together.

*Piet. Mendoza* thou knowst I am a most plaine breasted mā.

*Mend.* The fitter to make a *Cornuto*, would your browes  
werē most plane to.

*Piet.* Tell me, indeed I heard thee raile ?

*Mend.* At womē, true, why what cold fleame could chose,  
Knowing a Lord so honest, vertuous,  
So boundlesse louing, bounteous, faire shapt, sweete,  
To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made Cuckold,  
Hart, I hate all women for't : sweete sheetes, waxe lights,  
Antique bed-posts, Cambrick smocks, villanous curtaines,  
Arras pictures, oylde hinges, and all yee tong-tide lasciuious  
witnesses of great creatures wantonnesse : what saluation  
can you expect ?

*Piet.* Wilt thou tell me ?

*Mend.* Why you may find it your selfe, obserue, obserue.

*Piet.* I ha not the patience, wilt thou deserue me ; tell,  
giue it.

*Mend.* Tak't, why *Farnexe* is the man, *Ferneze*, Ile proou't,  
this night you shall take him, in your sheets, wilt serue.

*Piet.* It



*Piet.* It will, my bozomes in some peace, till night.

*Mend.* What?

*Piet.* Farewell.

*Mend.* God how weake a Lord are you,  
Why doe you thinke there is no more but so?

*Piet.* Why?

*Mend.* Nay then will I presume to counsell you,  
It should be thus; you with some garde vpon the suddaine  
Breake into the Princes chamber, I stay behinde  
Without the doore, through which he needs must passe,  
*Ferneze* flies, let him, to me he comes, hee's kild  
By me, obserue by me, you follow, I raile,  
And seeme to saue the body: *Dutches* comes  
On whom (respecting her aduanced birth,  
And your faire nature) I know, nay I doe know  
No violence must be vsed. She comes, I storme,  
I praise, excuse *Ferneze*, and still maintaine  
The *Dutches* honor, she for this loues me,  
I honor you, shall know her soule, you mine,  
Then naught shall she contriue in vengeance,  
(As women are most thoughtfull in reuenge)  
Of her *Ferneze*, but you shall sooner know't  
Then she can think't, thus shall his death come sure,  
Your *Dutches* braine-caught; so your life secure.

*Piet.* It is too well, my bozome, and my hart,

„ *When nothing helpes, cut of the rotten part.* Exit.

*Mend.* Who cannot faine friendship, can nere produce  
the effects of hatred: Honest foole Duke, subtil lasciuious  
*Dutches*, silly nouice *ferneze*; I doe laugh at yee, my braine  
is in labour till it produce mischief, & I feele sudden thro's,  
proofes sencible, the issue is at hand.

„ *As Beares shape young, so Ile forme my denice,*  
„ *Which growne proones horrid: Vengeance makes men wise.*

M A L L E G O R I E N T.  
ACTVS SECVNDVS. SCE. PRIMA.

*Enter Mendoza with a Sconce, to obserue Fernezes entrance,  
who whilst the Act is playing: Enter vnbraced 2. Pages  
before him with lights, is met by Maquerelle and  
connaide in. The Dutches Pages  
sent away.*

*Men.* Hee's caught, the Woodcocks head is i'th noose,  
Now treads *Ferneze* in dangerous path of lust,  
Swearing his sence is meere ly deified.  
The foole grasps clouds, and shall beget *Centavres*.  
And now in strength of panting faint delight,  
The Goate bids heauen enuie him; good Goose,  
I can afforde thee nothing but the poore cōfort of calamity,  
„ *Lusts like the plummetts hanging on clock lines,* (Pitty.  
„ *Will nere a done till all is quite is vndone.*  
Such is the course salt fallow lust doth runne.  
Which thou shalt trie; Ile be reueng'd. Duke thy suspect,  
Dutches thy disgrace, *Ferneze* thy riual-ship,  
Shall haue swift vengeance, nothing so holy,  
No band of nature so strong,  
No law of friendship so sacred,  
But ile prophane, burst, violate  
Fore ile indure disgrace: contempt and pouertie:  
Shall I whose very humme, strooke all heads bare,  
Whose face made scilence: creaking of whose shooe,  
Forc'd the most priuate passages flie ope,  
Scrape like a seruile dog at some latch'd doore?  
Learne now to make a leg? and cry beseech yee,  
Pray yee is such a Lord within? be aw'd  
At some odde vsers soft formality?  
First feare my braines: *Vnde cadis non quo refert.*  
My hart cries perish all, how? how? what fate?  
„ *Can once auoide reuenge, shall desperate,*  
Ile to the Duke, if all should ope, if? rush  
„ *Fortune still dotes on those who cannot blush.*

SCENA.

# MALECONTENT.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Maleuole at one doore, Beancha, Emillia and  
Maquerelle at the other doore.*

*Mal.* Bless'd ye cast a Ladies; ha *Dipsas*, how doost thou  
*Maq.* Olde *Cole*? (old *Cole*.)

*Mal.* I old *Cole*, me thinkes thou liest like a brand vnder  
these billets of greene wood.

He that will inflame a yonge wench's hart, let him lay close  
to her, an ould *Cole* that hath first bin fierd a *pandresse*, my  
halfe burnt lynt, who though thou canst not flame thy selfe  
yet art able to set a thousand virgins tapers a fiar: and how do's  
*Ianiuer* thy husband, my little periwinckle: is a trobled with  
the cough at the Lungen still, does he hawke anights still, he  
will not bite.

*Bean.* No by my troth, I tooke him with his mouth emp-  
tie of ould teeth.

*Mal.* And he tooke thee with thy belly ful of yong bones,  
marry he tooke his maime by the stroake of his enemy.

*Bean.* And I myne by the stroake of my freinde:

*Mal.* The close stock, o mortall wench: Ladie ha ye now no  
restoratiues for your decayed *Iason*, looke yee, Crabs guts  
bak't, disill'd Oxe-pith, the puluerized haire of a Lyons vp-  
per lip, gelly of Cock-sparrowes, Hee Monke's marrow, or  
powder of Foxe-stones; and whither are all you ambling  
now?

*Bean.* Why to bed, to bed.

*Mal.* Doe your husbands lye with yee?

*Bean.* That were countrey fashion yfaith.

*Mal.* Ha yee no foregoers about you; come, whither in  
good deed law now?

*Maq.* In good indeed law now, to eate the most mira-  
culously, admirably, astonishable compos'd Posset with  
three Curds, without any drinke: will yee helpe me with a  
Hee Fox: heer's the Duke.

*Exeunt Ladies.*



MALECONTENT.

SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Duke Pietro, Count Celso, Count Equato,  
Biliofo, Ferrard, and Mendozo.*

*Pier.* The night growes deepe and fowle, what houre is it?

*Celso.* Vpon the stroake of twelue.

*Mal.* Saue yee Duke.

*Pier.* From thee, begone I do not loue thee; let me see thee no more, we are displeas'd.

*Mal.* Why God buy thee, heauen heare my curse,  
May thy wife and thee liue long together.

*Pier.* Be gone sirra.

*Mal.* When *Arthur* first in Court began, -- *Agamemnon*,  
*Menelaus*, -- was euer any Duke a *Cornuto*,

*Pier.* Begon hence.

*Mal.* What religion wilt thou be of next?

*Mend.* Out with him.

*Mal.* With most seruile patience, time will come,  
When wonder of thy error will strike dumbe,  
Thy befel'd sence, slaues I fauour, I marry shall he rise,

„ Good God how subtile Hell doth flatter vice,

„ Mount him aloft, and makes him seeme to flie,

„ As foule the Tortois mockt: Who to the skie,

„ Th'ambitious shell fish rais'd, th'end of all,

„ Is onely that from height he might dead fall.

*Exit.*

*Pier.* It shall be so.

*Mend.* It must be so, for where great States reuenge,  
Tis requisite, the parts with piety  
And toft respect forbeares, be closely dogd,  
Lay one into his breast shall sleepe with him,  
Feede in the same dish, run in selfe faction,  
Who may disleuer any shape of danger,  
For once disgrac'd, discouered in offence,  
It makes man blushlesse, and man is (all confesse)

More

More prone to vengeance then to gratefulnesse.

„ *Favours are writ in dust, but stripes we feele,*

„ *Depraved nature stamps in lasting Steele.*

*Piet.* You shalbe leauged with the Dutches.

*Equat.* The plot is very good.

*Mend.* You shali both kill, and seeme the course to saue.

*Ferrard.* A most fine braine trick.

*Celfo.* Of a most cunning knaue.

*Pietro.* My Lords: The heauy action we intend

Is death and shame, two of the vgliest shapes

That can confound a soule, thinke, thinke of it;

I strike but yet like him that gainst stone walles,

Directs his shaftes, rebounds in his owne face,

My Ladies shame is mine, O God, tis mine.

Therefore I do coniure all secrecie,

Let it be as very litle as may be; pray yee, as may be;

Make frightlesse entrance, salute her with soft eyes,

Straine naught with blood, onely *Ferneze* dyes,

But not before her browes: O Gentlemen

God knowes I loue her, nothing els, but this

I am not well; if grieve that sucks veines drye,

Riuels the skinne, casts ashes in mens faces,

Be-duls the eye, vnstrengthens all the blood,

Chance to remooue me to an other world,

As sure I once must dye: let him succeed:

I haue no childe, all that my youth begot,

Hath bin your loues, which shall inherit me,

Which as it euer shall, I doe coniure it

*Mendoza* may succeed, hees nobly borne;

With me of much desert.

*Celfo.* Much.

*Pietro.* Your silence answers I,

I thanke you, come on now, o that I might dye,

Before her shames displaide, would I were forst

To burne my fathers Tombe; vnhill his boanes,

And dash them in the durt, rather then this:

D

This

ON ALECONTENT.

This both the liuing and the dead offends,  
„ Sharpe surgery is here nought but death amends.

*Exit with others.*

SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter Maquetelle, Emillia and Beanca,  
with a Posser.*

*Mag.* Euen here it is, three curds in three regions indiui-  
duallie distinct,  
Most methodically according to art compos'd, without a-  
ny drinke.

*Bean.* Without any drinke.

*Mag.* Vpon my honour, will yee sit and eate.

*Emil.* Good the composure the receite, how ist:

*Mag.* Tis a pretty pearle, by this pearle, (how dost with  
me) thus it is, seauen and thirty vowlks of *Barbarie* hennes  
eggs, eighteene spoonfulls and a halfe of the loice of cock-  
sparrowe bones, one ounce, three drams, foure scruples, and  
one quarter of the Sirrop of *Ethiopian Dates*, sweetned with  
three quarters of a pound of pure Candid *Indian Einges*,  
strow'd ouer with the powder of Pearle of *America*, *Amber*  
of *Cataya*, and Lambe Stones of *Malcouia*.

*Bean.* Trust me the ingredients are very Cordiall, and no  
question good, and most powerfull in operation.

*Mag.* I know not what you meane by restauration, but  
this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheneth the skinne, in-  
lifeneth the eye, strengthneth the vaines, mundefieth the  
teeth, comforteth the stomacke, fortifieth the backe, and  
quickneth the wir, thats all.

*Emil.* By my troth I haue eaten but two spoonefulls, and  
me thinkes I could discourse most swiftly, and wittily al-  
ready.

*Mag.* Haue you the art to seeme honest.

*Bean.* I thanke aduise and practise.

*Mag.*



*Maq.* Why then eate me a this posset, quicken your blood, and preserue your beauty, doe you knowe Doctor Plaster-face, by this curd he is the most exquisite in forging of veines, sprightning of eyes, dying of haire, sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheeks, surpheling of breasts, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that euer made an ould ladie gracious by torch-light: by this curd law.

*Bean.* Well we are resolu'd, what God has giuen vs weell cherish.

*Maq.* Cherish any thing sauing your husband, keepe him not too high least he leape the pale: but for your beauty, let it be your Saint, bequeath two howers to it euery morning in your closet. I ha bin yong, and yet in my conscience I am not aboute fīue and twenty, but belecue me, preserue and vse your beauty, for youth and beautie once gone, we are like Beehiues without honey: out a fashion, apparell that no man will weare, therefore vse me your beauty.

*Emil.* I but men say.

*Maq.* Men say, let men say what the will, life a woman, they are ignorant of our wants, the more in yeeres the more in perfection the grow: if they loose youth and beauty, they gaine wisdom and discretion; But when our beauty fades, godnight with vs, there cannot be an vglīer thing to see then an ould woman, from which, o pruning, pinching, and painting, deliuer all sweete beauties.

*Bean.* Harke musique.

*Maq.* Peace tis ithe Dutches bed-chamber, good rest most prosperously grac'd ladies.

*Emil.* God night centinell.

*Bean.* Night deere Maquerelle.

*Exeunt at severall doores.*

*Maq.* May my possets operation send you my witt and honestly,  
And me your youth and beauty, the pleasingst rest.

*Exit.*

D 2

SCENA

SCENA QUINTA.

A Song.

Whilest the Song is singing, enter *Mendoza* with his sword drawne standing ready to murder *Fernex* as he flies from the *Dutches* chamber.

*Turne's*  
*within.*

*All.* Strike, strike.

*Aur.* Saue my *Fernex*, o saue my *Fernex*.

Enter *Fernex* in his shirt, and is receiv'd upon *Mendoza's* sword.

*All.* Follow, perihew.

*Aur.* O saue *Fernex*.

*Mend.* Pierce, pierce, thou shallow foole drop there,  
He that attempts a Princes lawlesse loue,  
Must haue broad hands, close hart with *Argos* eyes,  
And back of *Hercules*, or els he dyes.

Enter *Aurelia*, *Duke Pietro*, *Ferrard*, *Biliofo*,  
*Celso* and *Equato*.

*All.* Follow, follow,

*Mend.* Stand off, forbear, yee most vnciuill Lords.

*Piet.* Strike.

*Mendoza*  
bestrids the  
wounded  
body of *Fernex*  
and  
seemes to  
saue him.

*Mend.* Do not; tempt not a man resolu'd;  
Would you inhumane murderers more then death?

*Aur.* O poore *Fernex*.

*Mend.* Alas now all defence too late.

*Aur.* Hee's dead.

*Piet.* I am sory for our shame, goe to your bed,  
Weepe not too much, but leaue some teares to shed  
When I am dead?

*Aur.* What weepe for thee? my soule no teares shall find.

*Piet.* Alas, alas, that womens soules are blind.

*Mend.* Betraye such beauty? murder such youth? con-  
temne ciuilitie,  
He loues him not that railes not at him.

*Piet.* Thou canst not mooue vs, we haue blood inough;  
And please you Lady we haue quite forgot

AN

All your defects: if not, why then

*Aur.* Not.

*Piet.* Not: the best of rest, good night. *Exit Pietro with*

*Aur.* Despight goe with thee. *other Courtiers.*

*Mend.* Madam, you ha done me foule disgrace,  
You haue wrongd him much, loues you too much.  
Goe to; your scule knowes you haue.

*Aur.* I thinke I haue.

*Mend.* Do you but thinke so?

*Aur.* Nay sure I haue, my eyes haue witnessed thy loue,  
Thou hast stood too firme for me.

*Mend.* Why tell me faire cheekt Lady, who euen in teares  
Art powerfully beautilous, what vnadvised passion  
Strooke yee into such a violent heate against me,  
Speake, what mischiefe wrongd vs? what diuell iniur'd vs?  
Speake?

*Aur.* That thing nere worthy of the name of mā; *Ferneze*,  
*Ferneze* swore thou lou'st *Emillia*,  
Which to aduance, with most reprochfull breath,  
Thou both didst blemish and denounce my loue.

*Mend.* Ignoble Villaine, did I for this bestride  
Thy wounded limbs; for this? ranck opposite  
Euen to my Soueraigne; for this? O God for this?  
Sunke all my hopes, and with my hopes my life,  
Ript bare my throate vnto the hangmans Axe,  
Thou most dishonour'd trunk ————— *Emillia?*  
By life I know her not ————— *Emillia?*  
Did you belecue him?

*Aur.* Pardon me, I did.

*Mend.* Did you, and therevpon you graced him?

*Aur.* I did.

*Mend.* Tooke him to fauour, nay euen clasped with him?

*Aur.* Alas I did.

*Mend.* This night?

*Aur.* This night.

*Mend.* And in your lustfull twines the Duke tooke you?



*Aur.* A most sad truth.

*Mend.* O God, O God, how we dull honest soules,  
Heavy braind men, are swallowed in the bogs  
Of a deceitfull ground, whilst nimble bloods,  
Light iointed spirits pent, cut good mens throats,  
And scape alas, I am too honest for this age,  
Too full of fleame, and heavy steddinesse:  
Stood still whilst this slaue cast a noose about me;  
Nay then to stand in honor of him, and her,  
Who had euen slic'd my hart.

*Aur.* Come I did erre, and am most sorry, I did erre.

*Mend.* Why we are both but dead, the Duke hates vs,  
„ And those whome Princes doe once groundly hate,  
„ Let them provide to dye; as sure as fate,  
„ Preuention is the hart of pollicie.

*Aur.* Shall we murder him.

*Mend.* Instantly?

*Aur.* Instantly, before he casts a plot,  
Or further blaze my honours much knowne blot,  
Lets murther him?

*Mend.* I would do much for you, will ye marry me?

*Aur.* Ile make thee Duke, we are of *Medices*,  
*Florence* our friend, in court my faction  
Not meanly strengthfull; the Duke then dead,  
We well prepar'd for change, the multitude  
Irresolutely reeling, we in force,  
Our partie seconded, the kingdome mazde,  
No doubt of swift successe all shalbe grac'd.

*Mend.* You do confirme me, we are resolute,  
To morrow looke for change, rest confident,  
Tis now about the immodest waste of night,  
The mother of moist dew with pall'd light,  
Spreds gloomy shades about the nummed earth,  
Sleepe, sleepe, whilst we contriue our michiefes birth,  
This man ile get inhum'de, farewell, to bed,  
I kisse thy pillow, dreame, the duke is dead. *Exit Aurelia.*

So,

MALECONTENT.

So, so, good night, how fortune dotes on impudence,  
I am in priuate the adopted sonne of yon good Prince,  
I must be Duke, why if I must, I must,  
Most filly Lord, name me? O heauen  
I see God made honest fooles, to maintaine craftie knaues:  
The dutches is wholly mine too; must kill her husband  
To quit her shame, much: then marry her: I,  
O I grow prowd in prosperous trecherie,  
As wrestlers clip, so ile imbracc you all,  
Not to support, but to procure your fall.

Enter Maleuole.

Mal. God arrest thee.

Mend. At whose suite?

Mal. At the diuels, ha you treacherous damnable monster,  
How dost thou treacherous roage,  
Ha yee rascal, I am banish the Court, Sirra.

Mend. Piesthee lets be acquainted, I do loue thee faith.

Mal. At your seruice, by the Lord law, shals go to supper,  
Lets be once drunke together, and so vnite a most vertu-  
ously strengned friendship, shals Hugonot, shals?

Mend. Wilt fall vpon my chamber to morrow morne.

Mal. As a Rauen to a dunghill, they say ther's one dead  
here pickt for the pride of the flesh.

Mend. Fierze: there he is, prey thee bury him.

Mal. O most willingly, I meane to turne pure Rochell  
Churchman, I.

Mend. Thou Churchman, why? why?

Mal. Because ile liue lazely, taile vpon authoritie, deny  
Kings supremacie in things indifferent, and bee a Pope in  
mine owne parish.

Mend. Wherefore dost thou thinke Churches were  
made?

Mal. To scoure Plough shares, Tha seene Oxen plough  
vp Altars: *Et nunc segis vbi sion fuit.*

Mend. Strange.

*Mal.* Nay monstrous, I ha seene a sumptuous sleeple turned to a stinking priue : more beastly, the sacredst place made a Doggs kenill : nay most inhumane, he ston'd coffins of long dead Christians burst vp, and made Hogstroughs.

*Hic finis Priami.*

Shall I ha some sack, and cheese at thy chamber,  
Good night, good mischiuous incarnate diuill, godnight  
*Mendozo*, ha, yee Inhumaine villaine godnight, night sub:

*Men.* God night : to morrow morne. *Exi Mendoza.*

*Mal.* I, I will come friendly Damnation, I will come,  
I doe discerie crosse-poynts, honesty, and court-ship, straddle  
as farre a sunder, as a true Frenchmans legges.

*Ferne.* O !

*Mal.* Proclamations, more proclamations.

*Fer.* O a Surgion.

*Mal.* Hark lust cries for a surgion, what news from *Limbo*  
How does the graund cuckold *Lucifer*.

*Fer.* O helpe, helpe, conceale & saue me.

*Ferne* steps & *Male.* helps him vp and conuaies him away.

*Mal.* Thy shame more then thy wounds do grieue me far,  
„ Thy woundes but leaue vpon thy flesh some skarre:  
„ But fame neare heales still ranckl's worse and worse,  
„ Such is of vncontrolled Lust the curse.  
„ Thinke what it is in lawlesse sheetes to lye,  
„ But o *Ferne* what in lust to die:  
„ Then thou that shame respects o flie conuerse,  
„ With womens eyes and lisping wantonesse:  
„ Stick candells gainst a virgin walles white back,  
„ If they not burne, yet at the least theile blacke,  
Come Ile conuey thee to a priuate porte,  
Where thou shalt liue (O happy man) from court.  
The beautie of the daye begins to rize,  
From whose bright forme *Nights* heauie shadow flies.  
Now gins close plots to worke, the Sceane growes full,  
And craues his eyes who hath a sollid Skull.

*Exeunt.*

ACTVS



# MALECONTENT.

## ACTVS TERTIVS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Pietro the Duke, Mendoz: Count Equato and Bilioso.*

*Piet.* Tis growne to youth of day, how shall we wast this  
My hart's more heauie then a tyrants crowne. (light?  
Shall we goe hunt? Prepare for field. *Exit Equa.*

*Mend.* Would yee could be merry.

*Piet.* Would God I could: *Mendoz* a bid am hast. *Exit*  
I would faine shift place, O vaine reliefe. *Mendo.*

„ *Sad soules may well change place, but not change grieffe:*  
As Deere being struck flie thorow many soyles,  
Yet still the shaft stick fast, so, A good old simile my honest  
I am not much vnlike to some sickman, (Lord,  
That long desired hurtfull drinke; at last  
Swilles in and drinke his last, ending at once  
Both life and thirst: O would I nere had knowne  
My owne dishonor: good God, that men should  
Desire to searce out that, which being found kils all  
Their ioye of life: to taste the tree of Knowledge,  
And then be driuen from out Paradise.

Canst giue me some comfort?

*Bili.* My Lord, I haue some bookes which haue beene  
dedicated to my honor, and I neare read am, and yet they  
had very fine names: *Phisicke for Fortune: Lozenges of sancti-*  
*fied sincerity;* very prettie workes of Curats, Scriueners and  
Schoolemaisters. Mary I remember one *Seneca, Lucius A-*  
*neus Seneca.*

*Piet.* Out vpon him, he writ of Temperance and Forti-  
tude, yet liued like a voluptuous Epicure, and died like an  
effeminate coward. Hast thee to *Florence:* heere take our  
Letters, see um seald, awaye: report in priuate to the ho-  
nourd duke his daughters forc'd disgrace, tell him at length  
we know too much, due complaints aduance.

„ *Theres naught thats safe and sweete but Ignorance.*

*Exit Duke.*

E

SCENA.

# MALECONTENT.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Maleuole in some freeze gowne whilest Bilioso  
reades his Patent.*

*Mal.* I cannot sleepe my eyes ill neighbouring lids  
Will holde no fellowship: O thou pale sober night,  
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sence doost sleepe:  
Thou that giues all the world full leaue to play,  
Vnbendst the feeble vaines of sweatie labour;  
The Gally-slaue, that all the toilesome day,  
Tugges at his oare against the stubborne waue,  
Straining his rugged vaines; snores fast:  
The stooping Siche-man: that dooth barbe the field,  
Thou makst winke sure: in night all creatures sleepe,  
Onely the Malecontent, that gainst his fate,  
Repines and quarrels, alas hees goodman tell-clock,  
His fallow iaw-bones sincke with wasting mone,  
Whilst other beds are downe, his pillowes stone.

*Bili. Mal uole.*

*Mal.* Elder of Izrael, thou honest defect of wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with her?

*Bili.* I am going Embassadour to Florence.

*M. J.* Embassador, now for thy countries honor, preethe doe not put vp Mutton and Porredge i'thy clock bag: thy yong lady wife goes to Florence with thee too do's she not?

*Bili.* No, I leaue her at the Pallace.

*Mal.* At the Pallace? now discretion shield man, for Gods loue lets ha no more cuckolds, *Hymen* begins to put of his Saffron robe, keepe thy wife i'the state of grace, harr a truth, I would sooner leaue my lady singled in a *Bordello*, then in the *Genoa* pallace, sinne there appearing in her sluttish shape Would soone grow loathsome, euen to bushes sence, Surfet would cloake intemperate appetite, Make the soule sent the rotten breath of lust. When in an *Italian* lasciuious Pallace, a Lady gardianlesse. Left to the push of all allurements, The strongest incitements to immodestie,

To haue her bound, incensed with wanton sweetes,  
 Her vaines filld hie with heating delicates,  
 Soft rest, sweete Musick, amorous Masquerers, lasciuious  
 banquers, sinne it selfe gilt ore, strong phantasie tricking vp  
 strange delights, presenting it dressed pleasingly to sence,  
 sence leading it vnto the soule, confirmed with potent ex-  
 ample, impudent custome intic'd by that great bawd op-  
 portunitie, thus being prepar'd, clap to her easie eare,  
 youth in good clothes, well shapt, rich, faire spoken, promi-  
 sing noble, ardent bloud-full, wittie, flattering, *Vlisses* absent,  
 O *Itihsea* can chastest *Penelope* hold out.

*Bi.* Masle ile thinke on't farewell.

*Exit Bilioso.*

*Mal.* Farewell, take thy wife with thee, farewell,  
 To *Florence*, um? it may prooue good, it may,  
 And we may once vnmaske our browes.

SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Count Celzo.*

*Cel.* My honour'd Lord.

*Mal.* *Celso* peace, how ist? speake loe, pale feares suspect  
 that hedges, walls & trees haue eares, speake how runs all?

*Cel.* I faith my Lord, that beast with many heads,  
 The staggering multitude recoiles apace,  
 Though thorow great mens enuie, most mens mallice,  
 Their much intemperate heate hath banisht you.  
 Yet now they faind enuie and mallice neere,  
 Produce faint reformation.

The Duke, the too soft Duke lies as a block,  
 For which two tugging factions seeme to sawe,  
 But still the Yron through the ribbes they drawe.

*Mal.* I tell thee *Celzo*, I haue euer found  
 Thy brest most farie from shifting cowardize  
 And fearfull basenesse: therefore ile tell thee *Celzo*,  
 I finde the winde begins to come about, (ly force,  
 Ile shift my sute of fortune, I know the *Florentine* whose on-  
 By marrying his proud daughter to this Prince,  
 Both banisht me, and made this weake Lord Duke,  
 Will now forsake them all, besure he will:



MALECONTENT.

He lye in ambush for conueniencie,  
Vpon their seuerance to confirme my selfe.

*Cel.* Is *Ferneze* interred?

*Mal.* Of that at leisure: he liues.

*Cel.* But how stands *Mendoza*, how ist with him?

*Mal.* Faith like a paire of Snuffers, snibbes filth in other men, and retaines it in himselfe.

*Cel.* He do's flie frō publique notice me thinks, as a Haire do's from hounds, the feet wheron he flies betraies him.

*Mal.* I can track him *Celzo*:

O my disguise fooles him most powerfully:

For that I seeme a desperate malecontent

He faine would claspe with me: he is the true slaue,

That will put on the most affected grace, *Enter Mendoz.*

For some yild second cause.

*Cel.* Hees here.

*Mal.* Giue place.

*Illo, ho ho ho*, art there old true peny,

*Exit Celso.*

Where hast thou spent thy selfe this morning? I see flattery in thine eyes, & damnation i'thy soule. Ha ye huge Rascal.

*Men.* Thou art very merry.

(go with thee now.

*Mal.* As a scholler *futuens gratis*: How doz the deuill

*Men.* *Maleuole*, thou art an arrant knaue.

*Mal.* Who I? I haue beene a Sergeant man.

*Men.* Thou art very poore.

*Mal.* As *Iob*, an Alcumist, or a Poet.

*Men.* The Duke hates thee.

*Mal.* As *Irishmen* do bum-cracks.

*Men.* Thou hast lost his amitie.

*Mal.* As pleasing as Maids loose their virginitie. (noble.

*Men.* Would thou wert of a lustie spirit, would thou wert

*Mal.* Why sure my bloud giues me I am noble, sure I am of noble kinde, for I finde my selfe possessed with all their qualities: loue Dogs, Dice and Drabs; scorne witte in stufte clothes, haue beate my Shoemaker, knockt my Sempstres, cuckold my Portecary, and vndone my Taylor.

Noble, why not? since the Stoick said; *Neminem seruum non*

*ex regibus, neminem regem non ex seruis esse oriundum*, only bu-  
sie fortune towses, and the prouident chaunces blends them  
together; Ile giue you a symilie: did you ere see a Well with  
2. buckets, whilst one comes vp full to be emptied, another  
goes downe emptie to be filled; such is the state of all hu-  
manitie: why looke you, I may be the sonne of some Duke,  
for belecue me intemperate lasciuious bastardie makes no-  
bility doubtfull, I haue a lusty daring hart *Mendoza*.

*Men.* Lets graspe? I doe like thee infinitely, wilt inact  
one thing for me?

*Mal.* Shall I get by it? *Giues him his purse.*  
Commaund me, I am thy slaue, beyond death and hell.

*Men.* Murther the Duke?

*Mal.* My harts wish, my soules desire, my fantasies dream,  
My blouds longing, the only haight of my hopes, how?  
O God how? O how my vnited spirits throng together,  
So strengthen my resolute.

*Men.* The Duke is now a hunting.

*Mal.* Excellent, admirable, as the diuell would haue it,  
lend me, lend me, Rapier Pistol, Crosebow: so, so, ile do it.

*Men.* Then we agree. *(forme?)*

*Mal.* As Lent and Fishmongers, come a cape a pe, how in

*Men.* Know that this weake braind duke, who only stands  
on *Florence* stilts, hath out of witleffe zeale made me his  
heire, and secretly confirmed the wreathe to me after his  
lifes full point.

*Mal.* Vpon what merit?

*Men.* Merit? by heauen I horne him, onely *Fernezes*  
death gaue me states life: tut we are politique, he must not  
liue now.

*Mal.* No reason marry: but how must he dye now.

*Men.* My vtmost proiect is to murder the Duke, that I  
might haue his state, because he makes me his heire: to ba-  
nish the Duches, that I might be rid of a cūning *Lacedemo-  
nian*, because I know *Florence* will forsake her, & then to ma-  
rie *Maria* the banished duke *Altofrons* wife, that her friends  
might strengthen me and my faction, this is all lawe.

*Mal.* Doe you loue *Maria*.

*Mend.* Faith noe great affection, but as wise men do loue great women to innoble their bloud and augment their reuenew: to accomplish this now, thus now. The Duke is in the forest next the Sea, single him, kill him, hurle him i'the maine, and proclaime thou sawst Woolues eate him.

*Mal.* Vm, not so good, me thinkes when he is slayne to get some Ipocrite, some daungerous wretch thats muffled, or with fayned holines to sweare he hard the Duke on some steepe cliffe lament his wifes dishonor, and in an agony of his hearts torture hurled his groning sides into the iwolne sea, this circumstance well made, foundes probable, and hereupon the Dutches.

*Men.* May well be banished: ô vnpeerable inuension, rare, Thou God of pollicie! it hunnies me. (her.

*Mal.* Then feare not for the wife of *Altofront*, ile close to

*Men.* Thou shalt, thou shalt, our excellencie is pleased: why wert not thou an Emperour, when wee are Duke ile make thee some great man sure?

*Mal.* Nay make me some ritch knaue, and Ile make my selfe some great man.

*Mend.* In thee be all my spirit, retaine ten soules, vnite thy vertuall powers, resolute, ha, remember greatnesse, hart farewell.

*Enter Celso.*

The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell.

*Mal.* *Celso* didst heare? ô heauen didst heare?  
Such diuelish mischiefe, sufferest thou the world  
Carowse damnation euen with greedie swallow,  
And still doost winke, still duz thy vengeance slumber,  
If now thy browes are cleare; when will they thunder. *Exit.*

## SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter Pietro, Ferrard, Prespasso and three Pages.*

*Ferr.* The Dogges are at a fault. *Cornets like hornes.*

*Piet.* Would God nothing but the dogs were at it? let the Deare persue safely, the Dogs follow the game, and do you



# MALECONTENT.

you follow the dogges, as for me, tis vnfit one beaſt ſhould hunt another; I ha one chaſeth me: and pleaſe you I would be rid of yee a little.

*Ferr.* Would your grieſe would as ſoone as wee, leaue you to quietneſſe.

*Exeunt.*

*Piet.* I thanke you: Boy; what doſt thou dreame of now?

*Page.* Of a drie ſummer my Lord, for heer's a herte world towards: but my Lord I had a ſtrange dreame laſt night.

*Piet.* What ſtrange dreame?

*Page.* Why me thought I pleaſed you with ſinging, and then I dreamt you gaue me that ſhort ſwerd.

*Piet.* Prettilly begd: hold thee, ile prooue thy dreame true, tak't.

*Page.* My durie: But ſtill I dreamt on my Lord; and me thought and ſhall pleaſe your excellencie, you would needs out of your royall bountie giue me that iewel in your Hat.

*Piet.* O thou diſt but dreame boye, doe not beleene it, dreames prooue not alwayes true, they may hold in a ſhorte ſworde, but not in a iewel. But now ſir you dreamt you had pleaſd me with ſinging, make that true as I ha made the other.

*Page.* Faith my Lorde I did but dreame, and dreames you ſay prooue not alwayes true: they may hold in a good ſworde, but not in a good ſong: the truth is, I ha loſt my voyce.

*Piet.* Loſt thy voyce, how?

*Page.* With dreaming faith but here's a couple of Syrenicall ratcals ſhall inchaunt yee: What ſhall they ſinge my good Lorde?

*Piet.* Sing of the nature of women, and then the ſong ſhall be ſuſely full of varietie, olde crochers and moſt ſweet cloſes; it ſhall be humorous, graue, fantaſtick, amorous, melancholy, ſprightly, one in all, and all in one.

*Page.* All in on?

*Piet.* Bir Lady too many ſing, my ſpeech growes culpable of vathriſtic idleneſſe, ſing.

MALECONTENT.

The Song.

SCENA QVINTA.

*Enter Malcuole with Crosbowe and Pistoll.*

A, so, so, sing, I am heauie, walke of, I shall talke in my sleepe walke of.

*Exeunt Pages.*

*Mal.* Briebe, briebe, who? the Duke? good heauen that fooles should stumble vpon greatnesse? do not sleepe duke, giue yee good morrow: must be briebe Duke. I am feed to murder thee, start not; *Mendoza*, *Mendoza* hired me, he's his gold, his Pistoll, *Crosbowe*, *Sword*, tis all as firme as earth: O foole, foole, choakt with the common maze of easie Ideots, credulity make him thine heire, what thy sworne murderer?

*Pietro.* O can it be?

*Mal.* Can?

*Pietro.* Discouered he not *Ferneze*?

*Mal.* Yes, but why? but why? for loue to thee, much, much, to be reueng'd vpon his riuall, who had thrust his iawes awrye, who being slaine supposed by thine owne hands; defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome, him most gracious, with thy loose Princes, thou closely yeelding egresse and regresse to hir, madest him heire, whose hot vnquiet lust straight towzd thy sheetes, and now would seaze thy state, polititian, wise man, death to be led to the stake, like a Bull by the hornes to make euen kindnes cut a gentle throate, life, why art thou numb'd: Thou foggie dulnesse speake? liues not more faith in a home thrusting tongue, then in these fencing tip tap Courtiers.

*Enter Celso with a Hermits gowne and beard.*

*Cel.* Lord *Malcuole*, if this be true

*Mal.* If? come shade thee with this disguise, if? thou shalt handle it, he shall thanke thee for killing thy selfe, come follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange sleights.

*Pietro.*

*Pietro.* World whether wilt thou?

*Mal.* Why to the Divell: come, the morne growes late.

*A steady quicknes is the soule of state. Exeunt.*

*Finis actus tertij.*

## ACTVS QVARTVS, SCEN. PRIMA.

*Enter Maquarelle, knocking at the Ladies dore.*

*Maq.* Medam, Medam, are you stirring Medame, if you be stirring Medam, if I thought I should disturbe yee.

*Page.* My Lady is vp forsooth.

*Maq.* A, pretty boy, faith how old art thou?

*Page.* I thinke foureteene.

*Maq.* Nay, and yee be in the teens, are yee a gentleman borne, do you know me, my name is Medam *Maquarelle*, I lye in the old Cunny Court.

*Enter Beancha and Emilia.*

See heere the Ladyes.

*Bean.* A faire day to yee *Maquarelle*.

*Emili.* Is the Dutches vp yet *Centinell*?

*Maq.* O Ladies, the most abhominable mischance, O deare Ladies the most piteous disalter, *Farneze* was taken last night in the Dutches Chamber: Alas the Duke catcht him and kild him.

*Bean.* Was he found in bed?

*Maq.* O no, but the villanous certenty is, the dore was not bolted, the tongue-tyed hatch held his peace, so the naked troth is, he was found in his shirt; whilst I like an arrand beast lay in the outward Chamber, heard nothing, and yet they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt thē not, like a sencelesse creature as I was. O beauties, looke to your buske-poynts, if not chastely, yet charily: be sure the doore be boulded: is your Lorde gone to *Florence*?

*Bean.* Yes *Maquarelle*.

*Maq.* I hope youle finde the discretion to purchase a fresh gowne fore his returne: Now by my troth beauties,

F

I



I would ha ye once wise: he loues ye, pish: he is witty, bubble: faire proportioned, mew: nobly borne, winde; let this be still your fixt position, esteeme me euery man according to his good gifts, and so yee shall euer remaine most deare, and most woorthie to be most deare Ladies.

*Emilia.* Is the Duke returnd from hunting yet?

*Maq.* They say, not yet.

*Bean.* Tis now in mid'st of day.

*Em.* How beares the Dutches with this blemish now?

*Maq.* Faith boldly, strongly defyes defame, as one that haz a Duke to her father. And theres a note to you, be sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may alwayes awe your husband. Marke the hauiour of the Dutches now, she dares defame, cryes, Duke do what thou canst, ile quite mine honor: nay, as one confirmed in her owne vertue against ten thousand mouthes that mutter her disgrace, shees presently for daunces.

*Enter Ferrar.*

*Bean.* For daunces?

*Maq.* Most true.

*Emilia.* Most strange, see, heeres my seruant yong *Ferrard*: How many seruants thinkst thou I haue, *Maquarelle*?

*Maq.* The more the merier: twas well sayd, vse your seruants as you doe your smocks, haue many, vse one, and change often, for that's most sweete and courtlike.

*Ferrar.* Saue yce fayre Ladies, is the Duke returned?

*Bean.* Sweet Sir, no voyce of him as yet in Court.

*Fer.* Tis very strange.

*Bean.* And how like you my seruant, *Maquarelle*?

*Maq.* I thinke hee could hardly drawe *Ulysses* bowe, but by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, his lippes thicker, his legges bigger, his feete lesser, his haire blacker, and his teeth whiter, hee were a tollerable sweete youth ifaith. And hee will come to my Chamber, I will reade him the fortune of his beard.

*Cornets sound.*

*Fer.*

*Fer.* Not yet returnd I feare, but  
The Dutches approacheth.

*Enter Mendoza supporting the Dutches: Guerrino,  
the Ladies that are on the Stage rise: Ferrard  
ysbers in the Dutches, and then takes a  
Lady to treade a measure.*

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Aur.* We will daunce, musique, we will daunce.

*Guer.* *Lesquants (Ladie) penses bien, passa regis, or Beanchas  
brawle.*

*Aur.* We haue forgot the brawle.

*Fer.* So soone? tis wonder.

*Guerrino* Why tis but two singles on the left, two on the  
right, three double forward, a trauerse of six round: do this  
twice, three singles side, galliard tricke of twenty, curranto  
pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken downe, come  
vp, meete two doubles, fall backe, and then honor.

*Aurelia* O *Dedalus*! thy maze, I haue quite forgot it.

*Maq.* Trust me so haue I, sauing the falling back, and  
then honor.

*Enter Prepasso.*

*Aurelia* Musicke, musicke.

*Prepasso* Who saw the duke? the duke. *Enter Equato.*

*Aurel.* Musicke.

*Equato* The duke, is the duke returned?

*Aurelia* Musicke: *Enter Celso.*

*Celso* The duke is either quite inuisible, or else is not.

*Aurelia* We are not pleased with your intrusion vppon  
our priuate retirement: we are not please: you haue for-  
got your selues.

*Enter a Page.*

*Celso* Boy, thy Maister, where's the Duke?

*Page* Alas, I left him burying the earth with his spread  
ioyleffe limbs: he tolde me he was heavy, would sleep, bade

me walke off, for that the strength of fantasie oft made him  
talking in his dreames : I strait obeide, nor neuer saw him  
since : but, where so ere he is, hee's sad.

*Aur.* Musicke sound high, as is our heart, sound high.

### SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Malenole and Pietro disguised like an Hermit.*

*Mal.* The Duke, peace, the Duke is dead.

*Aur.* Musicke.

*Mal.* Ist Musicke?

*Men.* Giue prooffe.

*Fer.* How?

*Cel.* Where.

*Pre.* When?

*Mal.* Rest in peace, as the Duke duz, quietly sit : for  
my owne part, I beheld him but dead, thats all: marry heers  
one can giue you a more particular account of him.

*Men.* Speake holy father, nor let any browe within this  
presence fright thee from the truth: speake confidently and  
freely.

*Aur.* We attend.

*Pietro* Now had the mounting Suns all-ripening wings  
Swept the cold sweat of night from earths danke breast,  
When I (whom men call *Hermit* of the *Rocke*)  
Forsooke my Ceil, and clamberd vp a cliffe,  
Against whose base, the heady *Neptune* dasht.  
His high curld browes, there t'was I easde my limbes,  
When loe, my entrailes melted with the moane,  
Some one, who farre boue me was climbde, did make:  
I shal offend.

*Men.* Not.

*Aur.* On.

*Pietro.* Me thinks I heare him yet, O female faith!  
*Goe sowe the ingratefull sand, and loue a woman:*  
And do I liue to be the skoffe of men,  
To be their wittall cuckold, even to hugge my poyson?

Thou



Thou knowest ô Trueth!

Sooner hard Steele will melt with Southerne wind;

A Seamans whistle calme the Ocean;

A towne on fire be extinct with teares,

Then women vow'd to blusshlesse impudence,

With sweet behauiour and soft minioning,

Will turne from that where appetite is fixt.

O powerfull blood! how thou dost slaue their soule?

I washt an Ethiop, who for recompence

Sullyde my name. And must I then be for'cd.

To walke, to liue thus black: must, must, fie,

*He that can beare with must, he cannot die.*

With that he sigh'd so passionately deepe,

That the dull ayre even groand, at last he cries:

Sinke shame in seas, sinke deepe enough, so dies.

For then I viewd his bodie fall and lowse

Into the fomy maine, O then I saw

That which me thinks I see, it was the Duke,

Whome straight the nicer stomackt sea

Belcht vp: but then,

*Mal.* Then came I in, but las all was too late,

For euen straight he sunke.

*Pietro.* Such was the Dukes sad fate.

*cel.* A better fortune to our Duke *Mendoza.*

*(Cry all, Mendoza:)* Cornets flourish.

*Enter a guard.*

*Men.* A guard, a guard, we full of hartie teares,

For our good fathers losse,

For so we well may call him:

Who did beseech your loues, for our succession,

Cannot so lightly ouer-iump his death.

As leaue his woes reuenglesse: \*woman of shame,

We banish thee for euer to the place,

From whence this good man comes,

Nor permit on death vnto the bodie any ornament:

But base as was thy life, depart away.

*\*To Emilia,*

*Ans.* Vngratefull. *Men.* Away.

*Ans.* Villaine heare me.

*Prepasso and Guerino leads away the Dutches.*

*Men.* Be gone my Lords, addresse to publique counsell,  
Tis most fit,

*The traine of Fortune is borne up by wit.*

Away, our presence shall be sudden, haste.

*All depart saving Mendoza, Maleuale, and Pietro.*

*Mal.* Now you egregious deuill, ha ye murdering po-  
lition, how dost duke? how dost looks now? braue duke  
yfaith.

*Men:* How did you kill him?

*Mal:* Slatted his brains out, then fowst him in the bri-  
nie sea.

*Men:* Braind him and drownd him too?

*Mal:* O twas best, sure worke:

*For he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or els ware,  
hee le prouue no man: shoulder not a huge fellow, unlesse you  
may be sure to lay him in the kennell.*

*Men:* A most sound braine panne,  
Ile make you both Emperours

*Mal:* Make vs christians, make vs christians.

*Men:* Ile hoist yee, yee shall mount.

*Mal.* To the gallows, say ye? O ô me, *Præmium in cer-  
tum petit certum scelus.* How stands the Progress?

*Men.* Here, take my ring vnto the Citadell,  
Haue entrance to *Maria* the graue Dutches  
Of banisht *Altofront.* Tell her wee loue her:  
Omit no circumstance to grace our Person (doo't)

*Mal.* Iste make an excellent pandar: Duke farewell,  
due adue Duke.

*Exit*

*Men.* Take *Maquerelle* with thee; for t'is found,  
None cutts a Diamon but a Diamound.

*Hermit,* thou art a man for me, my Confessor,  
O thou selected spirit, borne for my good,  
Sure thou wouldst make an excellent elder in a deformed  
church.

church:

Come, we must be inward, thou and I all one.

*Pietro* I am glad I was ordayned for yee.

*Men.* Goe to then, thou must knowe that *Malenole* is a strange villaine: dangerous, very dangerous, you see howe broade a speakes, a grosse-jawde rogue, I would haue thee poison him: hees like a korne vpon my great toe, I cannot goe for him: hee must be kored out: he must, wilt doo't, ha?

*Pietro* Anything, any thing.

*Men.* Heart of my life, thus then to the Citadell, Thou shalt confort with this *Malenole*, There being at supper, poison him, It shalbe layde vpon *Maria*, who yeeldes loue, or dies, Skud quicke.

*Pietro* Like lightning good deedes crawle, but mischiefe flies.

*Enter Maleuole.*

*Exit Pietro*

*Mal.* Your diuells ships ring haze no vertue, the buffe-captaine, the fallo-westfalian gamon-faced zaza cries stand out, must haue a stiffer wareant, or no passe into the castle of Comfort.

*Men.* Commaund our sodaine Letter: not enter? that, what place is there in *Genoa*, but thou shalt into my heart, into my very heart: come, lets loue, we must loue, we two, soule and body.

*Mal.* How didst like the Hermite? A strange Hermite firrah.

*Men.* A dangerous fellow, very perillous: he must die.

*Mal.* I, he must die.

*Men.* Thoust kil him: we are wise, we must be wise.

*Mal.* And prouident.

*Men.* Yea prouident; beware an hypocrite.

*A Church man once corrupted, oh auoyde*

*A fellow that makes Religion his stawking horse,  
He breedes a plague: thou shalt poison him.*

*Mal.* Ho, tis wondrous necessary: how?

*Men.*



*Men.* You both goe ioyntly to the Citadell,  
There sup, there poison him: and *Maria*,  
Because she is our opposite, shall beare  
The sad suspect, on which she dies, or loues vs.

*Mal.* I runne. *Exit mal.* (vs:

*Men:* We that are great, our sole self good still moues  
They shall die both, for their deserts craues more  
Than we can recompence, their presence still  
Imbraides our fortunes with beholdingnesse,  
Which we abhorre, like deede, not doer: then conclude,  
They liue not to cry out Ingratitude.

*One stick burnes tother, steele cuts steele alone:  
Tis good trust few: but O, tis best trust none.*

*Exit Mendoza.*

#### SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter Malenole and Pietro still disguised, at severall doores.*

*Mal:* How doe you? how doost Duke?

*Pietro* O let the last day fall, drop, drop in our curssed  
Let heauen vnclasp it selfe, vomit forth flames: (heads!

*Mal:* O doe not raue, do not turne Player, theres more  
of them, than can well live one by an other already.  
What, art an Infidell still?

*Pietro* I am mazde, strucke in a swowne with wonder,  
I am commaunded to poison thee.

*Mal:* I am commaunded to poyson thee, at supper.

*Pietro* At supper?

*Mal:* In the Citadell.

*Pietro* In the Citadell.

*Mal:* Crosse capers, trickes? truth a heauen would dis-  
charge vs as boyes do elder gunnes, one pellet to strike out  
another: of what faith art now?

*Pietro* Al is damnation, wickednes extreame, there is no  
faith in man.

*Men.* In none but vsurers and brokers, they deceiue no  
man, men take vm for blood-suckers, and so they are: now  
God deliuer me from my friendes.

*Pietro*

*Pietro* Thy friends?

*Mal.* Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies  
He deliuer my selfe. O, cut-throate friendship is the ranc-  
kest villany, marke this *Mendoza*, marke him for a villaine:  
but heauen will send a plague vpon him for a rogue.

*Pietro* O world!

*Mal.* World? Tis the onely region of Death, the grea-  
test shop of the Diuell, the cruellst prison of men, out of the  
which none passe without paying their dearest breath for a  
fee, theres nothing perfect in it, but extreame extreame ca-  
lamitie, such as comes yonder.

### SCENA QVINTA.

*Enter Aurelia, two Holberts before, and two after,  
supported by Celso and Ferrard, Aurelia  
in base mourning attire.*

*Aur.* To banishment, led on to banishment,

*Pietro* Lady, the blessednesse of repentance to you.

*Au.* Why, why, I can desire nothing but death, nor de-  
serue any thing but hell.

If heauen should giue sufficiencie of grace

To cleere my soule, it would make heauen gracelesse:

My sinnes would make the stocke of mercy poore,

Oh they would try heauens goodnes to reclaime them:

Iudgement is iust yet from that vast villaine:

But sure he shall not misse sad punishment,

For he shall rule on to my Cell of shame.

*Pietro* My Cell tis Lady, where insteede of Maskes,  
Musique, Tilts, Tournies, and such Courtlike shewes,  
The hollow murmur of the checklesse windes  
Shall groane againe, whilst the vnquiet sea  
Shakes the whole rocke with foamy battery:  
There Vsherlesse the ayre comes in and out,  
The reummy vault will force your eyes to weepe,  
Whilst you behold true desolation:  
A rocky barrenesse shall paine your eyes,

G

Where

Where all at once one reaches, where he stands,  
With browes the rooffe, both walles with both his handes.

*Aur.* It is to good, blessed spirit of my Lord:  
O in what orbe soete thy soule is throand,  
Behold me worthily most miserable:  
O let the anguish of my contrite spirite,  
Intreate some reconciliation:  
If not, O ioy! triumph in my iust grieffe,  
*Death is the end of moes, and teares reliefe.*

*Pietro* Belike your Lord not lou'd you, was vnkinde.

*Aur.* O heauen,  
As the soule lou'd the body, so lou'd hee,  
Twas death to him to part my presence,  
Heauen to see me pleased:  
Yet I like to a wretch given ore to hell,  
Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,  
To clippe a base vngentle faithles villaine:  
O God, a very Pagan reprobate!  
What should I say, vngratefull throwes me out,  
For whom I lost soule, body, fame, and honor:  
But tis most fit : why should a better fate  
Attend on any, who forsake chaste sheetes,  
Flic the imbrace of a deuoted hart,  
Ioynd by a solemne vow fore God and man,  
To taste the brackish bloud of beastly lust  
In an adulterous touch? Oh rauenous immodesty,  
Insatiate impudence of appetite:  
*Look, beere your end, for marke what sap in dust,  
What sinne in good, euen so much loue in lust:*  
Ioy to thy ghost, sweete Lord, padon to me.

*Cel.* It is the Dukes pleasure this night you rest in court.

*Aur.* Soule lurke in shades, run shame from brightsome  
*In night, the blind man misseth not his eies. exit Au. (skies,*

*Mal.* Do not weep kind cuckold, take comfort man, thy  
betters haue beene Beccos : *Agamemnon* Emperour of all  
the merry Greekes, that tickled all the true Troyans, was a  
*Cornuto,*



*Cornuto*: Prince *Arthur* that cut off twelue Kings beards  
was a *Cornuto*: *Hercules*, whose backe bore vp heauen, and  
got forty wenches with childe in one night.

*Pietro*: Nay twas fifty.

*Mal*: Faith fortie's enow a conscience, yet was a *Cornuto*:  
patience, mischiefe growes prowde, be wise.

*Piet*: Thou pinchest too deepe, art too keene vpon me.

*Mal*: Tut, a pittifull surgeon makes a dangerous sore.  
He tent thee to the ground. Thinkst He sustaine my selfe  
by flattering thee, because thou art a Prince? I had rather  
follow a drunkard, and liue by licking vp his vomite, than  
by seruile flattery.

*Piet*: Yet great men ha don't.

*Mal*: Great slaues feare better than loue, borne natu-  
rally for a coale-basket, though the common yther of prin-  
ces presence fortune ha blindely giuen them better place, I  
am vow'd to be thy affliction.

*Pietro*: Prethee be, I loue much misery, and be thou  
sonne to me.

*Enter Biliosa.*

*Mal*: Because you are an vsurping Duke,  
Your Lordship's well returnd for *Florence*.

*To Biliosa.*

*Bil*: Well returnd, I praise my horse.

*Mal*: What newes from the Florentines?

*Bil*: I will conceale the great Dukes pleasure, onely this  
was his charge, his pleasure is, that his daughter die, Duke  
*Pietro* be banished for banishing his bloudes dishonor, and  
that Duke *Altofront* be reaccepted: this is all, but I heare  
Duke *Pietro* is dead.

*Mal*: I, and *Mendoza* is Duke, what will you doe?

*Bil*: Is *Mendoza* strongest?

*Mal*: Yet he is.

*Bil*: Then yet He hold with him.

*Mal*: But if that *Altofront* should turne strait againe?

*Biliosa*: Why then I would turne strait againe.  
Tis good runne still with him that haz most might.

I had rather stand with wrong, then fall with right.

*Mal.* Your Lordship sweats, your yong Ladie will get you a cloth for your old worships browes. *Exit Biliosa.*  
heeres a fellow to be damnd, this is his inuolable *Maxime.*  
(flatter the greatest, and oppresse the least :) a whorson flesh fly, that still gnawes vpon the leane gauld backs.

*Pist.* Why dost thou then salute him?

*Mal.* Faith as haundes go to Church, for fashion sake: come, be not confounded, th'art but in danger to loose a Dukedome, think this: this earth is the only graue and golgotha wherein all thinges that liue must rotte: tis but the draught wherein the heauenly bodies discharge their corruption, the verie muckhill on which the sublunarie orbes cast their excrements: man is the slime of this dongue-pit, and Princes are the gouernours of these men: for, for our soules, they are as free as Emperoures, all of one peece, there goes but a paire of sheeres betwixt an Emperour and the sonne of a bagpiper: only the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing makes the difference: now what art thou like to lose? A iaylors office to keepe men in bonds, Whilst toyle and treason, all lifes good confounds.

*Pietro.* I heere renounce for euer Regencie,  
O *Altofront*, I wrong thee to supplant thy right:  
To trip thy heeles vp with a diuelish flight. (abiure,  
For which I now from Throane am throwne, world tricks  
For vengeance that comes slow, yet it comes sure.  
O I am chang'd, for heerefore the dread power,  
In true contrition I doe dedicate,  
My breath to solitarie holines,  
My lips to prayer, and my breasts care shall be,  
Restoring *Altofront* to regenty.

*Mal.* Thy vowes are heard, and we accept thy faith.

*Enter Ferneze and Celso.* *undisguiseth himselfe.*

*Altofront, Ferneze, Celso, Pietro.*

Banish amazement: come, we foure must stand full shocke of Fortune, be not so wunder stricken,

*Pietro*

*Pietro* Doth *Fernese* liue?

*Fern* For your pardon.

*Pietro* Pardon and loue, giue leaue to recollect  
My thoughts disperst in wilde astonishment:  
My vowes stand fixt in heaven, and from hence  
I craue all loue and pardon.

*Mal* Who doubts of prouidence,  
That sees this change, a hartie faith to all:  
He ~~must~~ rise, who can no lower fall,  
For ~~the~~ impetuous Vicissitude  
Looseth the world, then let no maze intrude  
Vpon your spirits: wonder not I rise,  
For who can sinke that close can temporise?  
The time growes ripe for action, Ile detect  
My priuatst plot, lest ignorance feare suspect:  
Lets cloase to counsell, leaue the rest to fate,  
*Nature discretion is the life of state.*

*Exeunt.*

*Actus quartus*      *Scena prima.*

*Quinto*

*Enter Maleuole and Maquarelle, at severall  
doores opposite, singing.*

*Mal*. The Dutchman for a drunkard,

*Maq*. The Dane for golden lockes:

*Mal*. The Irishman for vsquebath,

*Maq*. The Frenchman for the ( )

*Mal*. O thou art a blessed creature, had I a modest wo-  
man to conceale, I would put her to thy custodie, for no  
reasonable creature would euer suspect her to be in thy  
company: ha, thou art a melodious *Maquarelle*, thou picture  
of a woman and substance of a beast, and how dost thou  
think a this transformation of state now?

*Maq*. Verie verie well, for we women alwaies note,  
the falling of the one, is the rising of the other: some must  
be fat, some must be leane, some must be fooles, and some  
must be Lords: some must be knaues, and some must bee



officers, some must be beggars, some must be Knights, some must be cuckolds, and some must be citizens: as for example, I haue two court dogs, most fawning curres, the one calde Watch, thother Catch: now I, like *Ladie Fortune*, sometimes loue this dog, sometimes rouse that dog, sometimes fauour Watch, most commonly fancie Catch: Now that dogge which I fauour I feede, and hees so rauenous, that what I giue he neuer chawes it, gulpes it downe whole without any relish of what he haz, but with a greedy expectation of what he shal haue: the other dogge,

*Mal.* No more dogge, soote *Maquarelle* no more dog, and what hope hast thou of the Dutches *Maria*, will she stoope to the Dukes luer, wil she come, thinkst?

*Maq.* Let me see wheres the signe now? ha ye ere a calender, wheres the signe trow you?

*Mal.* Signe? why, is there any moment in that?

*Maq.* O beleue me a most secret power, looke yee a *Caldean*, or an *Affyrian*, I am sure t'was a most sweete Iew tould me, court any woman in the right signe, you shal not misse, but you must take her in the right veine then: As when the signe is in Pisces, a fishmongers wife is verie sociable: in Cancer, a precisians wife is verie flexible: in Capricorne, a Marchants wife hardly holdes out: in Libra, a Lawyers wife is very tractable, especially, if her husband be at the tearme: onely, in Scorpio tis verie dangerous meddling, haz the Duke sent any jewell, anie rich stones?

*Enter Capitaine.*

*Mal.* I, I thinke those are the best signes, to take a Lady in: by your fauor signeur: I must discourse with the Lady *Maria*, *Altofronts* Dutches: I must enter for the Duke.

*Cap.* Shee heere shall giue you enterview, I receaued the guardshippe of this Citadell from the good *Altofront*, and for his vse he keep't, til I am of no vse.

*Mal.* Wile thou, O heauen that a christian should be found in a buffe ierkin, Capitaine conscience? I loue thee Capitaine.

*Captaine.*

*Exit Captaine.*

wee attend, and what hope hast thou of this Dutches easinesse?

*Maq.* Twill goe hard, she was a could creature ever, she hated munkies, fooles, ieasters, and gentlemen yshers extreamely: she had the vilde trick on'r, not onely to bee truely modestly honourable in her owne conscience, but shee would avoide the least wanton carriage, might incurre suspect, as God blesse me, she had almost brought bed pressing out of fashion: I could scarce get a fine, for the lease of a Ladies favour once in a fortnight.

*Mal.* Now in the name of immodesty, how many maiden-heads hast thou brought to the block?

*Maq.* Let me see: heaven forgiue vs our misdeedes, heeres the Dutches.

## SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Meria and Captaine.*

*Mal.* God blesse thee Lady,

*Mar.* out of thy company:

*Mal.* We haue brought thee tender of a husband,

*Mar.* I hope I haue one already.

*Meq.* Nay, by mine honour madam, as good hee nere a husband, as a banisht husband, hees in an other world now, He tell ye Lady, I haue heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleepe, the wife might lawfully entertaine another man: for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banished,

*Mar.* Vnhonest creature:

*Maq.* Pish, honesty is but an art to seeme so: pray yee whats honesty? whats constancie? but fables fained, odde old fooles chat deuise by ielous fooles, to wrong our liberty.

*Mal.* Mully, he that loues thee is a Duke, *Mendoza*, he will maintaine thee royally, loue thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marrie thee sumptuously, and keepe thee in  
dispight



despight of *Rosciclore*, or *Donzell dell Phebes* theres jewels, if  
thou wilt, so, if not, so.

*Mar.* Captaine, for Gods loue saue poore wretchednesse,  
From tyranny of lustfull insolence:

Inforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell  
Rather then heere, heere round about is hell.

O my dear'st *Altofront* where ere thou breath,  
Let my soule sinke into the shades beneath:  
Before I staine thine honour, tis thou hast,  
And long as I can die, I will live chaste.

*Mal.* Gainst him that can enforce how vaine is strife?

*Mar.* She that can be enforc'd haz nere a knife,  
*She that through force her limbes with lust enroules,*  
*Wants Cleopatraes aspes and Portiaes coales.*

God amend you.

*Exit with Captaine.*

*Mal.* Now the feare of the Diuell for euer go with thee.  
*Maquerelle*, I tell thee I haue found an honest woman, faith  
I perceiue when all is done, there is of women as of all o-  
ther things: some good, most bad, some saintes, some sin-  
ners: for as now adaies no Courtier but haz his mistris, no  
Captaine but haz his cockatrice, no Cuckold but haz his  
hornes, and no foole but haz his fether: even so no woman  
but haz her weaknesse and feather too, no sex but haz his:  
I can hunt the letter no furer: O God how loathsome  
this toying is to me, that a Duke should be forc'd to foole  
it: well, *Stultorum plena sunt omnia*, better play the foole Lord,  
then be the foole Lord: now, wheres your slighes Madam  
*Maquerelle*?

*Maq.* Why, are yee ignorant that tis sed, a squemish  
affected nicenes is naturall to women, and that the excuse  
of their yeelding, is onely forsooth the difficult obtaining,  
you must put her too't, women are flaxe, and will fire in a  
moment.

*Mal.* Why was the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou?  
thou set fire? thou enflame her.

*Maq.* Mary, but Ile tell yee now, you were too hot,

*Mal.*



*Mal.* The fitter to haue inflamed the flaxwoman.

*Mag.* You were too boisterous spleeny, for indeede.

*Mal.* Garga, thou art a weake pandres, now I see

Sooner earthes fire heauen it selfe shall waste,

Then all with heat can melt a minde that's chaste.

Go thou the Dukes time-twigge, Ile make the Duke turne thee out of thine office, what not get one touch of hope, and had her at such advantage.

*Mag.* Now a my conscience, now I thinke in my discretion, we did not take her in the right signe, the blood was not in the true veine, sure. *Exit.*

### SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Prepasso and Ferrand, and pages with lightes, Celso and Equato, Mendoza in Duke's robes, Bilioso and Guerrino.*

*: Exeunt all saving Maluole.*

*Men.* On on, leave vs, leave vs: stay where is the hermit?

*Mal.* With Duke Pietro, with Duke Pietro.

*Men.* Is he dead? is he poysoned?

*Mal.* Dead as the Duke is.

*Men.* Good, excellent, he will not blabbe, securenes liues in secrecy, come hether, come hether.

*Mal.* Thou hast a certaine strong villanous sent about thee, my nature cannot indure.

*Men.* Sent man? what returnes Maria? what answer to

*Mal.* Colde frostie, she is obstinate, what your sute?

*Men.* Then shees but dead, is resolute, she dies:

*Black deede onely through black deedes safety flies.*

*Mal.* Pew, per sceler a semper sceleribus tutum est iter.

*Men.* What art a scholler? art a politician? sure thou arte an arrand knaue.

*Mal.* Who I? I ha bene twice an vnder sherife, man.

*Men.* Canst thou impoyson: canst thou impoyson?

*Mal.* Excellently, no Iew, Potecary, or Politician better: look ye, here's a box, whom wouldst thou impoison, here's a box, which opened, and the fume tyme vp in condites, thorow which the braine purges it selfe, doth instantly for 12. houres space, bind vp al shew of life in a deep senseles sleep:

H

heeres

heres another, which being opened vnder the sleepers nose,  
choaks all the pores of life, kills him sodainly. Enter Celso

*Men.* Many experiments, tis good not to be deceived:  
so, *Celso:*

*Who would feare that ma. destroy, death hath no teeth, nor tang,  
on Maleuole. And he thats great to him one slauers friend,*

*Murder, fame and wrong. Celso:*

*Celso.* My honored Lord.

*Men.* The good *Maleuole*, that plain-tongued man,  
is dead on sodaine wondrous strangely, he held in our e-  
*Celso*, see him buried, see him buried. (steem good place,

*Celso.* I shall obserue ye.

*Men.* And *Celso*, praye let it be thy care to night  
To haue some pretty show, to solemnize  
Our high instalment, some maske, maskery:

Weele giue faire entertaine vnto *Maria*

The Dutchesse to the banished *Altofrance*:

Thou shalt conduct her from the Citadell

Vnto the Pallace, thinke on some maskery.

*Celso.* Of what shape, sweete Lorde,

*Men.* Why shape? why any quicke done fiction,  
As some braue spirites of the *Genoan* Dukes,

To come out of *Elizium* forsooth,

Led in by *Mercury* to gratulate

Our happy fortune, some such any thing, some farre fet  
tricke, good for Ladies, some stale toy or other, no matter  
so't be of our deuising.

Do thou prepar't, tis but for fashion sake,

Feare not, it shal be grac'd man, it shall take.

*Celso.* All seruice.

*Men.* All thanks, our hand shal not be close to thee:

Now is my trechery secure, nor can we fall: (farewel

*Mischiefe* that prospers men do vertue call,

He trust no man, he that by trickes gets wreathes,

Keepes them with Steele, no man so cowardly beathes,

Out of distanced ranks the Crowde will murther foole:

Who cannot beare with strife he cannot rule:

The



The chiefest secret for a man of state,  
Is to live feeleffe of a strengthlesse hate. Exit Mendoza.

Mal. Death of the damn'd thiefe, He make one in the  
maske, thou shalt ha some  
Braue spirites of the antique Dukes.

Cel. My Lord, what strange dilation?

Mal. Most happy, deere Celso, poisoned with an empty Starts vp and  
box? He giue thee all anone: my Lady comes to court, there speaks.  
is a whirle of fate comes rumbling on, the Castles captaine  
stands for me, the people pray for me, and the great leader  
of the iust stands for me: then courage Celso.

For no disastrous chance can euer moue him,  
That leaueth nothing but a God aboue him. Exit.

Enter Prepasio and Biliolo, two Pages, before them

Maquar: Beanche, and Emilia.

Bil. Make roome there, roome for the ladies: why gen-  
tlemen, wil not ye suffer the ladies to be entred in the great  
chamber? why gallants? and you sir, to droppe your Torch  
where the beauries must sit too.

Pre. And theres a great fellow playes the knaue, why  
dost not strike him?

Bil. Let him play the knaue a Gods name, thinkst thou  
I haue no more wit then to strike a great fellow, the musike,  
more lights, reueling, scaffolds: do you heare? let there be  
other enow ready at the doore, swear out the diuel himself.  
Lets leaue the Ladies, and goe see if the Lords be ready for  
them.

All save the Ladies depart.

Mag. And by my troth Beauties, why do you not put  
you into the fashion, this is a stale cut, you must come in fa-  
shion: looke ye, you must be all felt, fealt and feather, a fealt  
vpon your head: looke ye, these tiring things are iustly out  
of request now: and doe yee heare? you must weare falling  
bands, you must come into the falling fashion: there is such  
a deale a pinning these ruffes, when the fine cleane fall is  
woorth all: and agem if you should chance to take a nap in  
the afternoone, your falling band requires no potting sticke  
to recouer his forme: believe me, no fashion to the falling  
band I say.

H 2

Bean:



*Bean.* And is not summe *S. Andrew* Iaguer a gallant fellow now?

*Maq.* By my maiden-head la, honour and hee agrees aswell together, as a fatten sute and wollen stockings.

*Emil.* But is not *Marshall* Make-roome my seruant in reversion, a proper gentleman?

*Maq.* Yes in reversion as he had his office, as in truth he hath all things in reversion: hee haz his Mistress in reversion, his cloathes in reversion, his wit in reversion, & indeede, is a suter to me for my dogge in reversion: but in good verine la, hee is as proper a gentleman in reversion as: and indeede, as fine a man as may be, having a red beard and a paire of warpt legges,

*Bean.* But I faith I am most monstrously in loue with count *Quidlibet* in *Quodlibet*, he not a pretty dapper windle gallant?

*Maq.* He is even one of the most busy fingered lords, he will put the beauties to the squeake most hiddeously.

*Bil.* Roome, make a lane there, the Duke is entring: stand handsofnely for beauties sake, take vp the Ladies there. So, cornets, cornets.

#### SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter.* *Prepasso* loyves to *Biloso*, two pages with lightes, *Ferrard*, *Mendoza*, at the other dore two pages with lightes, and the Captaine leading in *Maria*, the Duke meetes *Maria*, and closeth with her, the rest fall backe.

*Men.* Madam, with gentle care receive my suite, A kingdomes safety should o'repaize slight rites, Marriage is meerely Natures policy: Then since vnlesse our royall beds be ioynd, Danger and ciuill tumult fighes the state, Be wise as you are faire, giue way to fate.

*Mar.* What wouldst thou, thou affliction to our house? Thou ever diuell, twas thou that banishedst my truly noble Lord.

*Mar.* I, by my plottes, by my blacke stratagems, Twelve Moons haue suffred change since I beheld

The

The loved presence of my dearest Lord.  
O thou farre worse than death, he partes but soule  
From a weake body, but thou soule from soule  
Disseuerst, that which Gods owne hand did knit.  
Thou scant of honor, full of diuinish w<sup>r</sup>.

*Men:* Weele checke your too intemperate lauishnes, I  
I can, and will.

*Mar:* What canst?  
*Men:* Go to, in banishment thy husband dies.

*Mar:* He euer is at home that euer wife.

*Men:* Youst neuer meete more, Reason should Loue

*Mar:* Not meete?

(controule,

*She that deere loues, her loue's still in her soule.*

*Men:* You are but a woman Lady, you must yelde.

*Mar:* O saue me thou innated bashfulness,  
Thou onely ornament of womans modestie.

*Men:* Modesty? Death Ile torment thee,

*Mar:* Do, vrge all torments, all afflictions tie,  
Ile die, my Lords, as long as I can die.

*Men:* Thou obstinate, thou shalt die: captaine, that La-  
dies life is forfeited to Iustice, we haue examined her,  
And we do finde, she hath imppisoned

The reuerend Hermite, therefore we command  
Senarest custody. Nay, if youle dooes no good,  
Youst dooes no harme, a tyrants peace is bloud.

*Mar:* O thou art mercifull, O gracious diuell,  
Rather by much let me condemned be,

For seeming murder than be damn'd for thee.

Ile mourne no more, come girt my browes with floures,

Reuell and daunce, soule, now thy wish thou hast,

Die like a Bride, poore heart thou shalt die chaste.

*Enter Aurelia in mourning habit.*

*Life is a frost of could felicitie,*

*Aur:* And death the thaw of all our vanitie.

Wast not an honest Priest that wrote so?

*Men:* Who? let her in.

*Bis:* Forbeare.

*Pre:* Forbeare.

*Aur:* Alas calamitie is euer where.



Sad misery, dispiight your double doores, *And retir'd* O  
Will enter even in court. *Enter Maria.*

*Bis.* Peace.

*Aur.* I ha done, the word, take heede, I ha done.

*Enter Mercurio with londe maske.*

*Mer.* Cilleman *Mercurio*, the God of ghostes,  
From glomie shades that spread the lower coastes,  
Calles fower high famed *Genoa* Dukes to come,  
And make this presence their *Elizium*  
To passe away this high triumphall right,  
With song and daunces, courts more soft delight.

*Aur.* Are you God of ghostes, I haue a sute depending  
in hell betwixt me and my conscience, I would faine haue  
thee helpe me to an advocate.

*Bis.* *Mercurio* shalbe your lawier Lady, *(right lawier,*

*Aur.* Nay faith, *Mercurio* haz too good a face to be a

*Pro.* Peace, forbear: *Mercurio* presents the maske,

*Cornets:* The song to the *Cornets*, which playing the maske enters.

*Enter Maleuole, Pietro, Femeze, and Cello in white robes,*  
*with Dukes Crownes upon Lawrell wreathes, pistolets and*  
*short swordes under thier robes.*

*Men.* *Cello, Cello*, court *Maria* for our loue Lady, be  
gratious, yet grace.

*Mar.* With me Sir?

Maleuole takes  
his wife to  
dunce.

*Mal.* Yes more loued then my breath:  
With you Ile dance.

*Mar.* Why then you dance with death,  
But come Sir, I was nere more apt for mirth.  
Death giues eternitie a glorious breath:  
O, to die honour'd, who would feare to die.

*Mal:* They die in feare who liue in villanie.

*Men.* Yes, beleue him Lady, and be rulde by him.

Pietro takes  
his wife Au-  
lia to dance

*Pietro, Madam* with me?

*Aur.* Wouldst then be miserable?

*Pietro, I* neede not wish.

*Aur.* O, yet forbear my hand, away, fly, fly,

O



O seeke not her that onely lookes to dy.

*Pietro*, Poore loued soule.

*Aur.* What, wouldst court miserie?

*Pietro*, Yes.

*Aur.* Sheele come too soone O my greene'd heart.

*Pietro* Lady ha done, ha, doone.

Come downe lets dance, be once from sorrow free.

*Aur.* Art a sad man?

*Pietro*, Yes sweete.

*Aur.* Then weeke agree.

*Fernex* takes *Maquerello*, and *Cello Branche*: then the  
cornets sound the measure, on change, and rest.

*Fer.* Belceue it Lady, that I sweare, let me inioy you in  
priuate, and Ile marrie you by my soule.

To Beancha

*Bea.* I had rather you would sweare by your body: I  
think that would proue the more regarded othe with you.

*Fer.* Ile sweare by them both, to please you.

*Bea.* O, dam them not both, to please me, for Gods sake.

*Fer.* Faith swete creature let me inioy you to night, and  
Ile marry you to morrow fortnight, by my troth lo.

*Maq.* On his troth lo, belceue him not, that kinde of  
cunnicatching is as stale as fir Oliner Anchoues perfumde  
ierkin: promise of matrimony by a yoong Gallant, to  
bring a virgin Lady into a fooles paradise: make her a great  
woman, and then cast her off: tis as common as naturall to  
a Courtier, as jelosie to a Citizen, gluttony to a Puritan,  
wisdome to an Alderman, pride to a Tayler, or an empty  
to one of these sixepenny damnations: of his troth lo, be-  
leeue him not, traps to catch polecats.

*Mal.* Keepe your face constant, let no suddaine passion  
speake in your eies.

To Maria,

*Mar.* O my *Abosfront*.

*Pietro* A tyrants jelosies  
are verie nimble, you receive it all.

To Aurelia.

*Aur.* My heart though not my knees doth vmbly fall,  
Lo as the earth to thee.

*Pietro*. Peace, next change, no words.

*Mar.*

*Alto.* Speake forth, what shall we do to  
Cornets for the measure of their sin, which demand  
they vnderstand.

*Men.* Maleuole? They enuiron Mendoza, ben-

*Mal.* No, ... ding their Pistolls on him.

*Men.* *Altofront.* Dulce, Donaxe, Firmene, hah?

*All.* Duke, *Altofront.* Duke *Altofront.* Cornets, a flourish.

*Men.* Are we surprizd? what strange delusions mocke  
Our senses, do I dreame? or haue I dreamt

This two daies space? where am I? They seize upon

*Mal.* Where an arch villaine is, (Mendoza.

*Men.* O lend me breath to liue til I am fit to dy.

For praece with heauen, for your owne soules like

Vouchsafe me life.

*Pietro.* Ignoble villaine, whome neither heauen nor hell,  
goodnesse of God or man could once make good.

*Mal.* Base trecherous wretch, what grace wantst thou  
That hast growne impudent in gracelesse.

*Men.* O life!

*Mal.* Slave, take thy life.

Wert thou defended through blood and woundes,

The sternest horror of a ciuill fight,

Would Iatcheue thee, but prostrat at my feete,

I scorne to hurt thee, in the heart of slauos

That daies in triumphous prisons

For such thou art, since birth dost wear a yoke

A man mong monarches, but a glorious slave

You are ioyd spirits wipe your long wet eyes.

*Maleuole* licks out Mendoza.

Hence with this man, an Eagle takes not flies.

You to your vowes to *Pietro & Aurelia*, and thou vnto the

You to my worst friend I would haue giues (subeurtbs.

Thou art a perfect olde knaue, all pleased liue.

You two vnto my breast, thou to my heart.

And as for me, I beere assume my right.

To which I hope all's pleas'd to all godnight.

*Cornets a flourish.* *Exeunt quatuor.*

*Paris.*

To Pietro and  
Aurelia.

To Mendoza

To Maquerel

To Biliofo.

To Cello and

the Captaine.

To Maria.

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